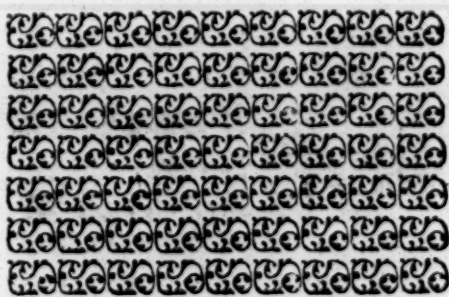


ON THE
VICTORY
AT
RAMELIES.
A
PINDARIC.

Arma, Virumque Cano.---

Virg.



LONDON

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A Pindaric.

I.

A WAKE, awake, my *Lyre*,
 And Thoughts Immortal as thy Theme inspire :
 Let not the Bashfulness of *Infancy*
 Discourage thee, or cause thee to refuse
 The gen'rous Offspring of thy *Muse* ;
 But boldly tune thy Strings to *Harmony*.
 No common Things thy Song require ;
 Thy Subject lofty is, and great :
 You must Great *MARLBRO*'s Acts repeat ;
 He, whose Heroic *Name*
 Flags the officious Wings of *FAME* ;
 That glorious Scourge to *GALLIC Tyranny* ;
 His formidable *Acts* must be
 The Subject of thy *Muse's Energy*.
 Touch then the trembling *String*,
 And in Divinest *Numbers* sing
 His wond'rous *Acts*, and matchless *Victories* rehearse,
 And build his Praise in *Monuments* of never dying *Verses*.

II.

Now 'twas that *GALLIA's Tyranny*
 Began t' erect its horrid *Head*,
 And with a boasted *Pow'r* invade
 All the affrighted *Universe*.
EUROPE beheld the daring *Fiend*
 Approach, and strait began to tell her *Fears* ;
 Assembled all her ablest *Ministers*,

A

To

To stop the threat'ning Ill, and put an End
 To its *Gigantic Birth*, e're it was grown
 To such a *Magnitude*, it could not be or'ethrown.

III.

Long had Great *LUDOVIC* been cutting out
 The horrid *Embryon* in his Brain ;
 Long strove to bring about,
 Thro' the whole *Series* of his *Reign*,
 The Universal *Monarchy*.
EUROPE is strait involv'd in Wars ;
 And ev'ry still and peaceful State,
 Bleeds with *Intestine Fars*,
 And groans under the pond'rous *Weight*
 Of Civil Insurrections. *Hell* was here
 An Actor in the dismal Scene of Woe ;
 And all the *Sages* that appear
 Within the awful Chambers of the Courts below.
Hell and *France* did both combine
 To propagate the damn'd *Design* :
 By Stratagems they thought t' enslave
 All the *European* Crowns, and force them to obey
 The Mandates of their Arbitrary Sway.

IV.

But *Nature's FORMER*, from above,
 Beheld th' Infernal *Engines* move ;
 Saw all their black *Designs*, their *Counsels* too,
 And what they were about to do ;
 Discover'd all the *French's Policy*.
 He saw, and dreadful *Thunders* shew'd the angry *Deity*.
 Strait he resolves to stop the growing *Ill*,
 And frustrate all the Plots, and damn'd *Designs* of *Hell*.

V. LEWIS

LEWIS, rememb'ring still the fatal *Day*,
 Whereon the *ENGLISH*, to their endless *Fame*,
 Under our *BRITISH* HERO's *Conduct* fought
BAVARIA's Duke, on *BLÉNHEIM*'s Plain,
 Where all the *GALLIC* Magazines became the *Victor*'s Prey:
 Rememb'ring this, his Royal Breast
 Could find no Ease, could take no Rest.
Envy with heedful Vigilance did wait
 This happy Opportunity;
 Immediately she posts away,
 Unto the Place where restless *LEWIS* lay;
 He admits th' officious *Guest*
 Into his Inhuman Breast;
 Her hissing Serpents soon began to range,
 And set on Fire the *Seeds* of Hatred and Revenge:
 And now the *KING* did rail,
 And summon up Recruits from *Hell*;
 Enveighs with impious Breath against the *Gods*,
 And threatens Giant-like to storm their blest'd Abodes:
 Darts his inveterate Hate
 Against the *ENGLISH*, *DUTCH*, and *GERMANS*
 Resolves to give one final Blow, (too:
 And all our *Strength*, and all our *Hopes* or'ethrow.

VI.

The Time was come: And *PHŒBUS* with a brighter Ray
 Than usual, usher'd in the *Glorious Day*.
 The Air did never seem more bright,
 There was no Clouds to intercept its Light.
 The *Birds* were join'd in Confort, and each Thing
 Successful *Omens* seem'd to bring.

'Twas on this *Day* that *FRANCE* rely'd;
 This was the Time appointed to decide
EUROPE's controverted Fate.
GALLIA a Preparation made,
 As if she would the Universal *Globe* invade;
 Her Garrisons are drain'd, and all her chiefest Men
 Are to transact this *Great Design*.
 This News the *ENGLISH* Camp alarm'd,
 And with a Martial Fire their Bosoms warm'd;
 They strait prepare
 For all the Extremities of War.
 Courage appear'd in ev'ry place,
 And formidable *Boldness* did each Warrior grace.
 They march against the daring Foe
 In Pomp, and Marks of sprightly *Vigour* show;
 While all th' adjacent Plains rebounds
 With War-like *Acclamations*, and with Martial *Sounds*.

VII.

The *Signal* being given, both Armies meet,
 And do each other with their *Thunder* greet:
Confusion then began
 To twine her curling Mazes every where.
 Here fiery *RAGE* was seen, and there
ERNNIS triumph'd, yonder stood *DISPAIR*,
 With meager Looks, while *DEATH* was Sovereign,
 And rode Victoriously about the Plain.
 Sad *Groans* of dying Men, and dismal *Cries*,
 Eccho with doleful *Accents* in the Skies;
 The Sun grew sickly, and began to faint,
 And did her usual Lustre want.
 Ne'er did *MORTALITY* appear

More

More horridly deform'd than here.
 Nothing distinctly could be heard
 Amidst their horrid *Clank* of Arms,
 And piercing *Cries*, and mournful *Sounds*
 Of dying Men, that there appear'd
 Mangled and hack'd all o'er, and full of *Wounds*.
 Here some did Headless lie, others bereaft
 Of Legs and Arms, some Skulls to pieces cleft,
 While Turbid Streams of Crimson *Gore*,
 Like troubled Seas did roar.

Here mighty *Bombs* were hurl'd,
 And *Shot* like Showers of Hail was scatter'd ev'ry where.
 So dreadful were the Fires, so loud the Guns did roar,
 As if that *Day* was come,
 When *Time* shall be no more ;
 And all this *Sublunary* World
 Be swallow'd up again in its *Chaotick* Womb.

VIII.

Thus *ETNA*, when her livid Waves
 Of flaming *Sulphur* once takes Fire,
 Within her *Subterraneous* Vaults, and hollow Caverns raves ;
 Such *Thunderings* as these her gaping Caverns send
 Out from her sad ignited Bowels, where
Bitumenous Vulcano's daily fwell,
 And yielding hollow Bellowings, roar
 As loud as the uncomfortable Streams of *Hell*.

IX.

The Fate of *War*, as yet had doubtful been, and *Heaven*
 Alike to both had *Favour* given ;
 Both stood the Shock with equal *Bravery*,
 And *Heav'n* was doubtful to determin, who

Had the Advantage of the Two.

But 'midst this sad confused *Noise*,
Which made the very *Poles* of *Heav'n* to crack,
An unexpected *Cry* was sent around,
“ The *ENGLISH* and the *DUTCH* were driven back.
O horrid *News* ! but still
The fainting *Cohorts* valiantly do strive
Their sinking *Glory* to retrieve.

But all was vain, they now began to yield,
And leave the *GALLIC* Heroes in Possession of the *Field*.

X.

MARLBRO', who all this while had stood
Amidst whole Showers of *Shot*, and Seas of *Blood*,
Seeing the weak'ned *PHALANXES* retire,
His *God-like* and *Heroic* Soul
Immediately took Fire.

Away to their Assistance strait he goes,
And facing his exulting *Foes*,
Turns mildly to his Men,

And bids them Charge the *Enemy* again.

“ Come, follow me, the undaunted *HERO* cry'd,
“ I'll lead you on, I'll be your *Guide* :

“ This Arm shall bring you *Victory*, and stem the raging *Tide*

“ That threatens you, he said. The Soldiers, that before
Were just retiring, now began

To recollect their drooping *Hopes* again.

“ We'll follow you ! they cry,

“ And *Conquer* boldly, or will bravely *Die*.

XI.

They Charge : New *Scenes* of Horror strait appear'd :
The Fight begins afresh, the arched *Vaults* of *Heav'n*

Began

Began to groan under the pond'rous Load
 Of dreadful *Clangors* thither driven :
 Huge *Pyramids* of Smoke and Fire,
 In misty *Curls* ascend the labouring Air ;
 While all the *Luminous Bodies* disappear'd,
 And being depriv'd of *Light*,
 Seem'd for to threaten all the World with one *Eternal Night*.
 Mean time the Great *BRITANIAN HERCULES*
 Breaks through the *Squadrons* of his Enemies ;
 Lifts up his daring *Arm*, while e'ery Blow
 He gives, sends Subjects to the *Realms* below.
 The *FRENCH* were in a Maze, and stood in Fear,
 When they beheld how Valiantly
 He Fought : *He* is a *GOD*, they cry,
 For none but a *Divinity*,
 Could do such formidable *Deeds*, as he has finish'd here.

XII.

Some of the bravest of the Enemies,
 Whose Hearts abhor'd ignoble *Cowardice*,
 Singled the *HERO* out, and with impetuous Violence,
 Exert their Focre against the Valiant *PRINCE*.
 He tumbles from his Horse !
 The Enemies began to triumph now,
 And with more *Earnestness* assail
 Our Troops, disheartned by their *Leader's* Fall ;
 For we could nothing do without our *MARLBOROUGH*.
 But Heav'n beheld the *Scene*, and sent
 The Noble *BRINGFIELD* to his Aid,
 Who seeing where Great *DON'WERT* lay,
 Besmear'd with Blood, and almost spent,
 Enrag'd he flies

Among the Enemies
 And cut his Way thro' mighty *Fields* of Arms,
 And mounts the HERO on his Horse again.
 Scarce had he given Assistance to his *General*,
 But he himself receiv'd a Wound, and down did fall.

XIII.

DONWERT thus mounted, gives his Thanks to Heav'n,
 That had this needful Succour given;
 Swifter than ever, now he flies about,
 And wherefoe'er he goes, the *FRENCH* does rout.
 They yield in every place, and can no longer fight,
 But fly like tender *Infants* in a Fright.
MARLBRO' beheld the great *Disorder*, then he presses on,
 And like the *God of War*,
Confusion every where did spread.
 Thus *MACEDON* and *CÆSAR* Empires won.
 His Men, by his Example led,
 Animated by *Success*, pursue
 Proud *GALLIA's* Overthrow.
 Now all was safe, the mighty Work was done,
Hell's Stratagems were foil'd, and *FRANCE's* Pow'r ov'rthrown.
 That shining, and resplendent Light,
 Of his Imperial Pow'r, is now extinguish'd quite.
 The Hurry of the *Battel* now is ceas'd,
 And we with honorable *Conquests* grac'd.
Victory expanding wide her Golden Wings,
 Flies thro' th' impassive Air, and brings
 Crowns of Eternal *Lawrels*; and when she found
 The *BRITISH* HERO out, she bound
 Them round his Temples, and then disappear'd.
 This Ceremony ev'ry Star,

By shining brighter, seem'd t' admire,
While joyful *Sounds* proceeded from each tuneful *Sphere*.

XIV.

But now Great *DONAWERT*, to thee
Is due the Glory of this *Victory*.

To thee we humbly pay ;
To thee, the *Guardian HERO* of this Isle;
We owe the mighty *Actions* of this Day :

You that have shook the *GALLIC* Throne,
And all *Hell's* Stratagems o'erthrown.

Gon are our *Fears* ; thou hast allay'd
These threatening *Storms* ; th' Infernal *Phantom's* fled,
Whose Magnitude began to fright the *Universe*.

Thy unerring Hand,
Like the Immortal *Thundrings* of *JOVE*,
The most impenetrable Breasts can move,
And make them all with awful *Tremblings* stand.

ALBION erects his aged Head,
And *Lawrels* in thy Way does spread ;
While all with an unanimous *Voice*,
Proclaim thy noble *Acts*, and inwardly rejoyce.

The *Floods* and *Vales* have heard your *Fame*,
The *Floods* and *Vales* in tuneful Ecchos sing thy Name.

Infants upon the tender Mother's Knee,
Applause your *Acts* with Artless *Harmony* :

Their speechless uninstructed *Tongue*,
For *MARLBRO's* Success can frame a Song.
An universal Joy does seem to burn,
And in each Loyal Breast a secret *Fire* maintain :

The *Heav'ns* themselves do seem to be
Joyful, and pleas'd by *Sympathy*.

As if the *Golden Age* had now forsook its Urn,
And spread its peaceful Wings over the World again;

XV.

May Heav'n still prosper *ANNA's* Reign,
'Till the damn'd Pride of *FRANCE* be laid so low,
It ne'er can rise again.

Such *Lawrels* may she always wear,
And always thus successful be.

And may th' Immortal *HERO* bring,
In each succeeding Year,

Such honourable Trophies for an Offering.

'Till *GALLIA's* Lustre be extinguish'd quite,
And be Entomb'd in everlasting *Night*.

Then jarring Discords will retire, and cease,
And *EUROPE* flourish in the Arms of *PEACE*.

TYRANNY thus depress'd, Nations will be
United by one common Harmony.

The Swains, whose humble Cotts could yield no Rest
Before, when all our envious Jars are ceas'd,
Within the Groves will joyful *Eclogues* sing,
And all the Woods with *Io Pæans* ring.

PLENTY will then her Silken Wings expand,
Enrich our Graneries, and fruitful our Land.

FRANCE will be Impotent, and *SPAIN* no more
Dread the Effects of tyrannizing Pow'r.

AUSTRIA and *ANJOU* will no longer fight;
For *AUSTRIA's* Sun will shine in *ANJOU's* Night.
All will be Peace, and quiet Ease, and All

Move in one Circle *OEconomical*;

While *ALBION's* *Grandeur* will for ever shine,

With such a *GENERAL*, and such a *QUEEN*.

